

What Happened on Outcast Island

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Summary: Has anyone wondered what happened on Outcast Island during We are Family part 1 and 2 when the camera was pointed the other way? Much darker version of We Are Family part 1 and 2 prior to my other story, Bringing Her Back. Playing it safe, rated T, torture.

1. Chapter 1

**If you wondered what happened to Poppy on Outcast Island, here it is. This happens during the episodes We are Family, part 1 and 2.
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"Amazingly realistic! Wouldn't you say Poppay?" Alvin sneered down at the pinned girl. He enjoyed seeing Stoick's little flower desperately trying to free herself to no avail. Despite her arm pinned behind her, she kept thrashing to get away.

"What do you want?" She finally stopped struggling.

"I want me own dragon trainer. And by the looks of it, I've got 'er" Alvin answered a pleased smile spreading across his face.

"I am not going to train your dragons Alvin." Poppy responded firmly as the outcast pinned down on her harder.

"Oh I think you will. And once you have, I'll use them to destroy Berk. Take her!" Alvin demanded. Poppy grunted in pain as the outcast forced her onto her feet. "I don't understand," Poppy stuttered. "How did you do this?!" Before the soldiers grabbed her wrists and forced them behind her back. Poppy continued to struggle to free herself when one of them grabbed her hair and yanked her head back painfully. Poppy cried out in pain as he held her head there until they finished tying her wrists tightly. Toothless roared furiously when he saw her face contort with pain. "Don't touch Toothless!" Poppy screamed as they began to restrain her dragon to one of those horrible carts. It always hurt her to see her best friend stripped of freedom. This

resulted in a slap across her cheek so hard she would have fallen to the ground if the outcasts were not holding onto her arms. Poppy winced as she felt her cheek began to sting but kept kicking to get out of her captors grip as they started to force her towards their ship with Toothless already on it. Reaching the plank, Poppy planted her prosthetic into the wood to resist as much as possible but Savage forced her up the ramp and kicked her off at the top and onto the boat next to her restrained dragon. Against her dragon, Poppy tried to catch her breath from her constant struggle until she saw somebody else familiar come up the ramp.

"Mildew" She breathed. "What are you doing here?" She questioned softly, too shocked to speak any louder.

"Aw look at ya, the brightest girl on the island and yet here you are, trapped by a silly old man and his sheep" He taunted looking down at her.

"How could you do this?" Poppy demanded, fury growing inside her. Mildew smirked. "YOU did it Poppy, YOU followed our Bork notes, YOU followed the map we drew you, YOU waking right into our trap! All for the love of a dragon. Hmm, maybe you'll think twice next time about where you place your loyalties." Poppy gave him a hateful glare in return for his guilt trip. Alvin laughed at the sight as he pushed Mildew aside.

"There won't be a next time. Raise the sails! We're headed home! To Outcast Island." He added the last part slowly to make sure Poppy knew there was no way to escape this time. Satisfaction came to him when he saw the fear in her precious green eyes despite her desperately trying to hide it.

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Alvin's hand stuck Poppy across her face, knocking her to the floor. Alvin pressed his boot into Poppy's diaphragm, causing her to lose the air in her lungs. Poppy clawed at his boot trying to push it off of her so she could breathe again.

"What did you say to me?" Alvin darkly questioned as he stared down at the girl beneath his foot.

"You heard me." Poppy wheezed out. Gathering as much air as she could she answered more forcefully? "I said I won't train your dragons! You can't make me!" as she gasped for more air. Alvin was growing impatient with the Stoick's brat refusal to cooperate. She was stubborn, just like her father that was always one way to tell they were father and daughter. With one final push, Alvin finally released her from his foot, she rolled over trying to regain her breathe. This gave Alvin an opportunity to grab her by her vest, lift her up and began to shake her violently.

"I'll teach you not to refuse me!" He yelled at her when he finally ceased jerking her back and forth. Snarling like an angry animal Poppy spit in his face. Infuriated, Alvin threw her back onto the ground with force hoping to hurt her ribs. Poppy's head banged against the floor and the impact blurred her vision and other senses. Too stunned to make sense of her surroundings, she felt herself being forced to flip over onto her stomach. She barely felt her vest being torn off of her. Only when she felt the sharp sting collide with her

back did her senses snap back to reality. Alvin was using a whip to disperse his anger at her. Each whipping felt harder than the last. Poppy gritted her teeth and dug her fingernails into the dirt floor as she withheld her screams, determined to not give Alvin the satisfaction of hearing her pained scream. After what felt like hours of torture, the whip left and didn't come back. Alvin wiped the whip clean of her blood and shook it onto the floor into Poppy's line of sight as she lay on the floor. He then left her to endure the punishment for her defiance. Poppy's fought against her eyelids as they tried to close, the last thing she heard was her cell door being slammed shut and locked before her eyes finally shut.

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To Poppy's relief, Alvin left her alone the next day, or night. She wasn't sure. She had no way of telling what time of day it was, she didn't even know how long she had been on Outcast Island. Poppy pulled her tunic tighter around herself to put pressure on her wounds. They had stopped bleeding for the most part, but she wasn't sure how long she could hold out without treatment before infection set in. She thought about Toothless, praying he was okay, wanting to run, find him and fly away from here. But she was powerless to do anything, the only thing she could do was hope her nightmare would end soon.

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It was practically quiet at the time, maybe it was at night? Poppy was laying down with her eyes shut. There was no way she was going to sleep and leave herself vulnerable, she was trying to rest by closing her eyes and lying in a fetal position. She was almost asleep when she heard someone open her cell. Her eyes snapped open and saw that it was one of Alvin's lowly henchmen, the one that had pulled her hair, slowly closing the door shut behind him. Poppy was already so terrified that she couldn't hide her fear no matter how hard she tried. She didn't know why he was here, but she knew it wasn't good. He continued to walk towards her not saying anything and this frightened her even more. She stumbled back against the rock wall trying to get away, but she had no options. She tried to dart past him, her wounded back and weakened body screaming at her to stop, but he grabbed her hair again and threw her back against the wall. Poppy tried to cry out in pain as her wounded back collided with the rock but the henchman put his hand over her mouth blocking her speech. He grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her, rendering her helpless. He yanked her forward and forced her down onto the floor, once again agitating her injured back. She tried to scream in pain again but then a cloth was shoved in her mouth and another one was forced around it, gagging her. Her hands were still pinned above her head in a painful hold as the outcast stared down at her. With him on top of her, with her hands pinned down and gagged, she had no way out. The outcast then used his free hand to tear off the threads at the neck of her tunic. Poppy screamed in fear but her cries were muffled by the gag. He then ripped open her tunic down the middle and began to run his hand up and down and across her torso and chest as she screamed into her gag in protest. Poppy thrashed her head back and forth trying to free herself, but to no avail. Then he began to try and tear her leggings off, which caused him to lean back for a mere second but that second caused Poppy to bring her left leg out from under him and kick him in the groin. The henchman rolled over in pain and Poppy scrambled off the ground and ran for her cell door. The

henchman wasn't smart enough to lock it behind him and she threw open the door and ran down the passageway, not caring where she was going as long as she was getting away. She tried to tear the gag off of her, but it was tied too tightly. She could hear the henchman yelling about her escape and that frightened her further. Two pathways came and she didn't even stop to consider which one to take and kept running. Running so hard she couldn't tell what she was seeing and she crashed straight into Alvin and bounced onto the ground. Alvin wasted no time yanking her up and tying her arms behind her back.

"How did she escape?!" Alvin yelled, furious that he almost lost his prisoner he had spent months trying to capture. Poppy's eyes widened in fear when the henchman finally caught up, bending over from a lack of breath. Alvin saw Poppy's fear and knew he had been the one to let Poppy escape.

"YOU let her escape?! I didn't give you permission to deal with the prisoners! I've spent too long trying to catch Stoick's brat! I won't have her escaping' because of you!" Alvin yelled in fury. He tossed Poppy onto the floor as he drew his sword out and raised it above his head. Poppy tried to crawl away but could only go so far with her hands tied. The henchman tumbled on his own feet as Alvin approached him. Alvin swung the sword in a well-practiced manner and brought it down across the henchman's neck, decapitating him right in front of Poppy's once innocent eyes. His body dropped like a rag doll and blood spewed from his neck in all directions, spraying onto Alvin and onto Poppy as well.

"Pull another stunt like that last one and you'll be next." Alvin's threat didn't even seem to process in Poppy's mind. Watching the bloody scene unfold, something felt like it was slashed across Poppy's mind. She didn't even seem to notice the sword threatening her own throat. Furious at her lack of reaction, Alvin once again slapped her across her beaten face. Her cheeks no longer possessed a natural pale tone but now a grey color from the constant bruising. She was so tired of being hit, but she didn't care anymore. Her whole body felt cold, numb. Almost like she was shutting down, overcome with fear. Alvin threw her over his shoulder as if she weighed nothing and took her back to her cell. Throwing her back inside, he removed her prosthetic rendering her helpless to go anywhere. Poppy felt herself become an invalid but felt drowned in horror to move. She wanted to wrap her arms around her legs but could only pull against the ropes restraining her hands. With no way to comfort her traumatized self, she brought her knees close to her chest as she trembled in terror. Leaving her tied and gagged, Alvin slammed the cell door behind him and double locked it this time. No chances of another escape, but she didn't want to go back out there, she wanted to hide. Hide in a safe place, like the cove. Yes, she always felt safe in the cove with Toothless. Before she slipped into unconsciousness, she thought of being in the cove, with her friends and family, safe and sound. A safe feeling she would probably never feel again.

**Ok there you have it. The abuse, whipping, attempted rape contributed to her trauma, but seeing someone being decapitated right before her eyes is what lead her mind to snap, leaving her trapped in a terrified state.
>Let me know what you think! Please review!

2. The Rescue

Stoick gripped Thornado's reins tighter as Outcast Island came to view. He hadn't said a word after he commanded the riders to prepare for the rescue. Stoick glared down at the island thinking of its leader. Alvin the Treacherous, Berk's worst enemy had taken his daughter. Stoick knew why, he wanted her to train dragons for him. Even though he had never said, Stoick was always afraid that this would happen. If Alvin had dared harm a hair on his daughter's headâ€¦|

"Stoick! We need to find a place to land so we can sneak in and find Poppy." Gobber's voice brought Stoick out of his rant.

They landed their dragons in a secluded part of the island as they ventured into Outcast territory making their way inside.

They came down to two pathways, judging by the deeper, darker look of the path on the left, it seemed Alvin would find it fitting to keep prisoners. A perfect place to keep his enemy's daughter.

"Gobber! You take the others head right and go find Toothless! I'm getting my daughter back!" Stoick commanded as Gobber and the other riders took off down the tunnel.

"I'm going with you!" Aaron declared with his infamous axe at the ready. Stoick knew there was no dissuading Aaron and they would waste time arguing, there was no telling what state Poppy was in.

Making their way past the cells as swiftly as they could they spotted a small figure lying in a fetal position in the last one, knowing it was their Poppy, they raced toward the door only to find it was double padlocked. The two heavy locks infuriated Stoick as he swung his hammer mercilessly down on the locks breaking them letting them fall to the floor. Aaron threw open the door and they raced to Poppy's side. Her prosthetic was missing, rendering her helpless to go anywhere. She was gagged with her hands tied behind her back and her tunic was stained brown. There was no doubt in Aaron's or Stoick's mind that it was dried blood. Aaron tore the gag off Poppy while Stoick tried to untie the ropes that tightly restrained her wrists.

Poppy first began to censor the sound of something heaving against metal and the creak of her cell door. Too weak to get up and fight off whoever it was, she remained still. Then she felt her gag being removed from her mouth and then felt large hands fumbling around her back. Someone was touching her! Poppy's eyes jerked awake as she felt large, strong arms being wrapped around her. Shrieking in fear and pain from her back, on instinct she used what little strength she had left, pushed herself away, reached up and raked her nails across her attacker's face. Stoick let out a shout of surprise more than pain as he released his daughter after he felt the fear pulsating through her body.

Poppy fell back onto the floor and scrambled backwards, which was difficult without her prosthetic, her tears blurring her vision to observe whoever had touched her.

Her heart began to race terrified speeds as her back reached to wall

of her cell, once again cutting off places to go, just like whenâ€¦ Memories started to flood through her mind as she pressed her hands to the sides of her head desperately trying to block them out. When the memory of the blood splattering onto her caused her to started screaming as she relived her horror. She screamed louder as she saw a hand reaching for her. The hand quickly withdrew and Poppy tried to breathe properly again. She wrapped her arms around herself to put up some sort of protection from whoever was in her cell.

"Poppyâ€¦" She heard her name sound. The voice saying it was rough and cruel, this voice was gentle and loving andâ€¦ familiar. Poppy opened her eyes and sawâ€¦ a man with grey green eyes and an auburn colored beard and a boy with blonde hair and blue eyes. They looked familiar, but she couldn't define a name or how she knew them.

Aaron and Stoick could see the terror and panic in Poppy's eyes. She couldn't seem to recognize them, she was too entrapped in fear to even think straight.

"Poppy," Stoick spoke softly, he held out his hands in an attempt to show he didn't mean his daughter any harm. "Shh, Poppy, it's okay. Do you remember who we are?" Poppy pressed her hands to the sides of her head and closed her eyes again, like she was having a massive headache just trying to call upon memories. Poppy's mind pounded and raced as it tried to fight off the horrors she had experienced and try to recall who these people were. She let out a sob as a memory of a hand reaching for her came to mind. But unlike the previous one, in this memory, the hand reached out and rested on her shoulder, not in a greedy way, but a gentle loving way. Who did that to her? Obviously someone she knew well, because more memories of the same action of the same hand came to her mind. Then she remembered looking up at the smile that came with it. That smileâ€¦ it belonged toâ€¦ her father! Yes! Her father was here! And the person with himâ€¦ she knew he was her friend. She could remember flying with himâ€¦ she would remember his name later, right now all she could think about was leaving this Thor forsaken island.

Stoick and Aaron saw her face relax and she slowly removed her hands from her head. She looked at them with her big green eyes and they knew she remembered them, she was still terrified, but she remembered. Now that she believed they weren't there to hurt her, they had to get out of there. Every second counted in escaping Alvin's grasp.

"Poppy, we have to get out of here." Stoick explained gently. Poppy looked at him, listening carefully. "But we don't have much time. Alvin probably knows we're here andâ€¦" At the mention of Alvin's name, Poppy's hands cover her ears and she returns to a battle in her mind. Stoick immediately felt guilty for frightening his daughter again.

"He's not going to hurt you Poppy, we won't let him. I promise, I promise Poppy, you're gonna be fine" Aaron eased his words gently so they could soothe Poppy's traumatized mind. Poppy released her hands and relaxed her body. Stoick took this as an ok sign to come close to her again. Stoick took of his bear skin cape and wrapped it around Poppy and picked her up in his arms. Giving a worried glance to Aaron they left the cell and began to run back down the way they came.

Looking at up to her father's face she saw bleeding scratch marks across his cheek. Did she do that to him? She couldn't remember, then she looked at her fingernails and saw skin and blood underneath them. She had scratched her own father! How could she have done that to him?

Aaron kicked open the door that led to the outside and led Stoick down the hill to where they had hidden their dragons. Gobber and the other riders were already there waiting with Toothless. Toothless bounded over to Stoick and sniffed the bundle in his hands. He could tell Poppy was injured and needed help. He let out a miserable moan as he saw his beloved rider and turned so Stoick could mount up. Once Stoick mounted, however, Toothless let out a hateful hiss staring at the top of the hill. Everyone saw Alvin standing at the top watching with a sinister smile on his face. Stoick moved his arms protectively. He didn't even have the words to explain his fury and hatred for Alvin at that moment.

"That's a rare flower ya have Stoick." Alvin called out to him. Stoick turned Toothless as flew off as fast as they could, leaving Alvin's sinister laugh behind. Now wasn't the time to avenge the pain Alvin had inflicted on his daughter, she needed him right now. Stoick and Toothless flew far off ahead to get Poppy to the healer. Stoick only felt so much relief when he saw Berk. Poppy needed medical treatment. Gothi was already waiting for them when they reached the Haddock house. Stoick placed Poppy face down on her bed. Gothi slowly removed her tunic and the blood drained from Stoick's face when he saw what it revealed. Dozens upon dozens of cuts and gashes from a whip littered Poppy's back. Gothi's hands expertly began to clean and stitching them up.

After what felt like an eternity of watching Gothi treat Poppy, she finally began to wrap up her back and took a wet cloth and began to wipe Poppy's forehead with it. Poppy's breathing was erratic and shaky as she slept for what probably was the first time in days. Gothi began to write messages into the sand with her staff as her assistant, Svenja interpreted them.

"She says Poppy developed a mild infection in her back which will take a couple days to subside. Make sure her fever is kept under control and feed her. From the looks of it, she hasn't eaten in daysâ€" Svenja seemed to have something else to say but didn't know how.

"We'll discuss how to help her mentally after she fights off the infection." Svenja said sadly. Stoick inhaled sharply thinking about his daughter's terrified actions when they rescued her. She hardly seemed to recognize either of them, she wouldn't say something. It was almost like she had lost her voice somewhere in the storm of fear she had been forced to endure.

The next few days were devoted to caring for Poppy. Spitelout had offered to act as Chief while Stoick tended to his daughter, and for that Stoick was grateful. He couldn't leave Poppy now. For the first time in her life, contrary to what Stoick used to believe, she was fragile. He fed her broth, she needed to gain weight, she had always been thin, but she was way too skinny to be healthy. Kept a close eye on her fever, which was beginning to decrease. He cleaned her wounds and bandaged them. Her green tunic was torn and stained, he got her a new cream colored tunic. It almost came down to her knees and the

sleeves covered most of her hands, just leaving her fingertips poking out. She was sleeping most of the time he was there taking care of her. It was almost like she was in a coma again. Stoick tried not to let his worried thoughts deter him from her, but he couldn't shake the feeling that her body was not damaged alone.

"It was brought on from emotional trauma, I'm so sorry Stoick." Svenja said with tears in her eyes. Just as she feared, Poppy had been damaged in more ways than just physically. Stoick

"Can I see her?" Stoick asked softly. Svenja nodded but warned him to be careful, some actions could scare her even more. Stoick slowly made his way up the stairs to his child's bedroom. Reaching the top he saw Poppy lying down, facing away from him, she wasn't moving, she barely seemed to be breathing. Making his way to the other side of the bed and crouching down, he saw Poppy's eyes were open, but they no longer had their usual light in them. She didn't even acknowledge his presence, just stared at the wall with a lost, almost broken look in her eyes.

"Poppy?" Stoick whispered. He reached out to touch her, but after thinking about how he frightened her on Outcast Island, decided against it and withdrew his hand.

Stoick went back downstairs, sorrow welling up in his chest and eyes. He collapsed into his chair and held his head in his hands, grieving for his daughter, who he wasn't sure would ever come back.

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For the next several days, Poppy got up early in the morning and went to the cove with Toothless. She always left before Stoick woke up which concerned him even more. The cove had always been a safe haven for Poppy, perhaps she felt safer there. Aaron went to visit her at the cove and would stay there all day with her. Aaron was determined to bring Poppy back and help her heal. As much as Stoick wanted to help his little girl, he couldn't get the image of the fear in her eyes when she looked at him on Outcast Island. Perhaps it was best if he gave her space and stayed away while Aaron tried to help her.

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Aaron brought her back. The days he spent with her trying to convince her to come back to her life felt like years for Stoick. The house so incredibly quiet without Poppy singing or running around inside. It almost seemed like he didn't _have _a child, and that terrified the chief. _'Don't think like that_ _Stoick,'_ he thought sternly. _'Poppy will be fine, she's going to come home, she has to.'_

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Poppy came back to Aaron. After days of waiting and trying, Aaron heard Poppy speak for the first time since she was rescued. She was asleep when Aaron had brought her home, so Stoick had not seen or spoken to her yet. Poppy may have come back to Aaron, but would she come back to him? He tried not to think about the horrors she had experienced on Outcast Island by Alvin's cruel hands. She had been beaten and abused, but Stoick had the sinking feeling that that was

not the only terror that was forced on her. Would he ever know? He wasn't sure. Even though Aaron had pulled her out of her own world and was helping her along, she never would be the same. She was going to live with those memories forever. He would not blame her for not wanting to speak of them, but would it help if she did? Regardless, that would not happen anytime soon. Poppy needed time for healing. And Stoick could only hope Stoick could give that to her.

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Stoick was sitting in his large chair on the main floor of the house whittling away at a block of wood. It was a persistent hobby he'd grown used to whenever he needed to relax or ease his troubled mind. Only now, the only thing he could think about was his daughter's troubled mind. He'd never seen her so afraid as she was on Outcast Island. Afraid of him. She thought he was trying to hurt her and she reached up and clawed at him to escape his grasp. What if she never trusted him or anyone again? Stoick was so lost in his thoughts he didn't hear the creak of the stairs. He only looked up when he felt a certain pair of green eyes staring at him.

Even at the other side of the room, Poppy could make out the pink scratches on her father's face. Scratches that she made. When he was trying to comfort her, she let her fear overcome her and she hurt someone she loved.

Her cream colored tunic was too big for her malnourished frame, and her skin was still pale and bruised, she almost looked like a ghost. But something else seemed to be bothering her. It wasn't something physical it was something emotional? She just stood there holding her hands together in an almost pleading way.

Stoick set his block of wood and whittling knife aside on the table. He wasn't too sure about what would help, so he did the only thing he knew he could do. Slowly, he held out his arms, like he always did when she was little and wanted comfort, but still wanted to be strong.

Poppy's eyes light up like a small candle as she saw his action. She wasted no time bounding across the room and jumping into his lap letting his arms encircle her, this time knowing it was safe.

"Oh my baby girl," Stoick whispered as he scooped her legs up so he could hold her entirely. He gently kissed her on her head and stroked her hair.

"I'm so sorry," Poppy sobbed into his chest, clinging tightly onto his tunic.

"Sorry? What in the world could you be sorry for?" Stoick questioned, shocked.

"For scratching you." Poppy whimpered. "I shouldn't have done it, I was -"

"Poppy, I'm not angry with you at all. You had been kidnapped and you were frightened." Stoick declared.

"It was all my fault! I should have known!" Poppy sobbed louder and

her tears began to soak into her father's tunic.

"Poppy!" Stoick's voice rang out stronger. After feeling his daughter's body tense up from his tone, he immediately felt remorse and calmed anger. Not anger at his daughter, but anger at Alvin for doing this to her, Mildew for helping him, but most of all, at himself for not being there to protect her. He was her father, wasn't that what he was supposed to do? This wouldn't have happened if he was! He positioned Poppy so he could look at her better as he gently cupped her face in his hands.

"None of this was your fault. We were betrayed and you were kidnapped. How could you have prevented that?" Poppy opened her mouth to counter back but he cut her off. "You couldn't have. It was out of your hands." Stoick declared leaving Poppy quiet. He released her face and tucked her back into his chest, stroking her hair in a soothing manner. "I should have been there." Stoick whispered to himself his voice breaking from what his daughter should have never had to endure in the first place. He held Poppy tighter.

"Daddy, please don't cry." Poppy whispered, she knew what was happening without even looking at her father. "I'm gonna be okay." At this Stoick looked at her face again.

"Of course you will be, you're here and you're safe. And I promise, I'll always be right here"

Stoick held Poppy until she fell asleep. He carried her up the stairs and tucked her in bed. Stroking her bangs one last time he kissed her forehead and blew out the candle.

3. Chapter 3

Sorry I was gone for so long! I was caught up in the miscellaneous components of life itself. And this chapter was REALLY hard to write! Hope you like it!

It was dark, and she couldn't move. She was pinned down with someone on top of her, there was nowhere to go, helpless, weak. She heard the sheathing of a sword, the whistle of it moving through the air. Then the person on top of her head's disappeared. No, it didn't disappear, it fell off! She looked straight at a headless body as its blood spilled all over her. It soaked her hair, her clothes, it was everywhere. She turned and saw the severed head looking straight at her.

Poppy shot up out of her fetal position screaming, tossing her blankets aside. She made sharp noises as she tried to breathe and slow her heart rate down. Toothless jumped out of his sleep and made his way over to her, giving her a comforting lick on the cheek as he purred sadly.

Stoick heard his daughter's terrified screams and wasted no time running up the stairs. He saw her covered in a cold sweat holding Toothless's neck breathing heavily. Stoick sat down on her bed and wrapped his arms around her.

"It was a nightmare, Poppy. It's okay." He said stroking her hair. Poppy choked on another sob as Toothless rubbed against her side.

Stoick used his thumb to wipe away her tears staining her cheeks. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No!" He barely heard her voice. "Try to relax Poppy."

"No, I can't" Poppy whimpered her breath seizing up in her chest. "Hang on," Stoick said getting up, intending to get her some milk to help her relax but a small hand held onto him, stopping him.

"Don't leave me alone," Poppy whispered clinging tighter onto him. Hearing the plea in her voice, he forgot about the milk. Stoick repositioned them so he was lying in her bed with her lying on top of him like they always did when she was little. Thankfully, she was still small enough for this comfort. With some trouble, Toothless managed to squeeze onto the small bed as well purring a soothing tune.

"Never." Stoick whispered softly as he rubbed her back. Poppy kept her eyes open trying to stay awake, too afraid to go back to sleep, only feeling safe if she knew her father and dragon were with her.

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It had been over two weeks since anyone besides Aaron and Stoick had really seen Poppy. They opened the doors to the Great Hall and found that almost everyone was there. It had spread quick that Poppy was allowed to be out now, though the seriousness of her condition was kept down low. The most anyone knew was that she was still frightened from her kidnapping. Holding onto Poppy's hand Aaron spotted the other riders eating lunch together. He turned and gave her father a reassured look. Stoick nodded, gave her a kiss on the head before he walked off to join the adults. Aaron led Poppy over to their usual table where the teens sat with Toothless following closely behind. Ruffnut was the first to notice Poppy's return.

"Hey look whose back!" Ruffnut greeted, happy to see her friend again.

"I thought you were going to leave Fishlegs in charge for good! I'll admit, I'm happy you're back too Poppy." Snotlout said. The other teens glanced at him due to his unusual kindness towards his younger cousin. "What? A guy can't be happy to see his little cousin?" Poppy was only younger than him by a few months, but Snotlout still liked to tease her for it. Poppy sat down with Snotlout on her right, Aaron on her left and Toothless sitting nearby watching. The teens had a plate for her, but she wasn't very hungry at the moment. Instead she listened to her friends expressing their relief about her physical well-being, not knowing she was hurt in other ways.

"The academy hasn't been the same without you." Fishlegs said smiling across the table.

"You should have seen what the twins did last week," Snotlout began. "They brought a mini catapult wielding an axe into the arena and launched it at me!"

"Haha, yeah, it almost sliced his head off!" Tuffnut laughed.

Tuffnut's words, though they were completely innocent to anyone else, sent Poppy's mind into a relapse of fear. Poppy let go of Aaron's hand, flew up and covered her ears again as she tried to fight off memories. Aaron gave Tuffnut a look that could kill as he gently put his arm around Poppy.

"Shh, Poppy it's ok." He whispered as the rest of the teens looked. "He didn't mean anything by that. Don't listen to it. You're here with us, you're safe. You're friends are happy to see you. Come back to us."

This did the trick and Poppy slowly lowered her hands. Aaron gently took hold of her hand again, but still kept one arm around her. The teens were quiet for a moment until Ruffnut spoke up again.

"So, does anyone want to go flying later? Maybe show off some old stunts?" The academy had been nearly closed in Poppy's absence, so the riders hadn't really worked on anything. At the mention of flying, Poppy and Toothless perked up.

"Sure," She said quietly.

Stoick would not stop watching his daughter sit at her table with her friends. She seemed to be doing just fine, she even gave a small smile. Then Tuffnut said something that Stoick couldn't make out and Poppy covered her ears with her hands again with wide frightened eyes. Stoick moved to get up but Gobber grabbed onto him and made him wait. They watched Aaron put his arm around Poppy and whisper words in her ear. Poppy's hands slowly made their way down and one went back to Aaron's hand. Stoick breathed a sigh of relief and sat back down.

"She'll be alright Stoick." Gobber said trying to comfort his friend. "Aaron, Toothless and her friends will take care of her."

"She needs help Gobber! It's hurting her keeping what happened a secret, but she won't talk about it! How will she heal if she won't let herself?" He had to do something, he couldn't let her go on like this, or he could forget all hope that she could heal and at least try to get her life back. There was so much danger to worry about, especially since Alvin's attacks were becoming bolder. How could he keep Poppy safe?

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Stoick put a ban on flying in an attempt to protect his daughter despite many protests. Poppy didn't like the ban as flying was a way of keeping her mind from drifting to dangerous places in her mind. Aaron didn't like the ban either, but perhaps it would give him more opportunity to spend with Poppy. Snotlout was angry at the lack of activity to do with his dragon. The twins were looking for other places to have fun. Fishlegs and Meatlug decided to go find some berry bushes and rocks to help cope with the banâ€|

"I made it out of that strange lava Meatlug left in my shop!" Gobber exclaimed showing off a new sword he just made.

"This was made from Gronkle lava?" Poppy asked looking at the sword as Aaron admired it.

"I prefer to call it Gronkle _Iron, _I got tired of waiting for it to cool! You know what I always say! Pound it while it's hot! Next thing you know bing, bang boom and I've created this little beauty!"

"It's pretty! But way too light, it would never hold up in battle." Aaron stated throwing the sword back to Gobber who caught it out of the air.

"Exactly what I thought! Until I did this!" Gobber pulled Snotlout who was holding his own sword in front of him and took a practice swing cutting Snotlout's sword in half.

Seeing Gobber swing his sword like that, slicing across in a firm manner, it was all too familiar. Instead of seeing Gobber standing there slicing off Snotlout's sword, Poppy saw Alvin, slicing that Outcast's head off. His head rolled onto the floor and the blood splattered everywhere. She saw the blood coming toward her.

Poppy gasped and tried to back away from the blood but stumbled and fell to the ground. Aaron immediately jumped to action.

"Hey Poppy its ok. It's ok! You're alright!" He frantically tried to soothe her. He crouched down and tried reaching out for her.

Poppy saw hands reaching towards her remembering what happened last time she started to scream in terror at them and back away even more. Aaron withdrew his hands.

"It's okay! You're safe Poppy! You're here on Berk! You're with me!" Aaron spoke hurriedly, but gently. Poppy's eyes darted around observing her surroundings and her breathing slowed down. She looked back and saw Aaron. Looking back to the ground she saw the end of Snotlout's sword instead of the severed head. Breathing heavily she tried to slow her heart rate.

"I'm sorry." She whispered.

"It's alright." He gently took her hands and helped her up.

"I'm," she started quietly. "I'm gonna go to the cove." She hopped on top of Toothless and they walked off in the direction of the cove. Aaron started to go after her, but decided she needed some time to herself first, but the other riders and Gobber continued to watch Poppy rush off.

That left everyone wondering. Poppy the brave, so smart, stubborn and courageous. She ventured closer to a dragon which no Viking had ever done before and ended a 300 hundred year war and took on the Red Death and always looked her fear straight in the eye. What happened to her to bring her to this? Would they ever know?

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Poppy crawled down the vines and collapsed against Toothless in uncontrolled sobs.

"I saw it happen Toothless, it was like I was there all over again." She sobbed into his neck. Toothless crooned sadly and wrapped his wings around her hoping to make her feel secure. Even he didn't know what happened to Poppy, but he was hoping she would be willing to

tell him now. He nuzzled her head and looked into her eyes. _Tell me_, he translated to her. Poppy's lip quivered as she understood and she snuggled closer to her dragon. After a long silence she regaled Toothless with her terror on Outcast Island, keeping it to the simplest basics. All the while trembling more and more as she continued.

"The blood, it was everywhere, I've never seen so much blood in my life!" She cried stuttering her breath as she tried to calm down from her crying fit.

"And th-they're right! I can't keep all of it a secret, I have to tell them, but, Toothless I don't even know how!" Inhaling sharply she let out more sobs of despair as she hugged Toothless's neck. Toothless wrapped his wings around her gently and tucked her close to him, reassuring her he would keep her safe.

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Meanwhile, Aaron had gathered Stoick, Gobber, and Svenja all at Gothi's hut. Aaron knew Stoick needed to be informed about his daughter's reaction.

"I had no idea it would frighten her! I just took a practice swing like I always have. She's seen me do it before! But this was different." Aaron closed his eyes as he tried to focus on what he had seen. Poppy first reacted when she saw the sword, and she started to scream even more when he reach out for her. She was reliving her trauma on Outcast Island every time something familiar triggered her memories.

"She says there might be a way to help Poppy. It's an old remedy, but it almost always works. Many Vikings experience flashbacks and nightmares after a gruesome battle. To help ease their minds there's a drink-"

"I will NOT intoxicate my daughter!" Stoick shouted rising from his chair knocking it over. Gothi slammed her staff down on the ground.

"It's not alcohol Stoick!" Svenja cried trying to calm the worried chief. "It's a natural herbal tea. It calms the mind and body. If she drinks just one cup a day, it might help calm her down enough that she'll be ready to talk about it." The room was quiet. Poppy needed to let go of her secrets, she couldn't keep going like this, something had to be done. Stoick inhaled deeply trying to determine if this was the best thing for his daughter.

"Keeping it in is only going to make her worse, Stoick." Gobber said gently placing a hand on his shoulder.

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Stoick tossed onto his side in his restless sleep. For some reason, he couldn't stay still. He kept feeling an anticipation like something was coming, something dangerous.

He looked side to side, he was underground somewhere. Wait, he knew these tunnels, he was on Outcast Island! How did he get here?! More importantly, where was Poppy?! The loud shrill, blood curdling scream

of a young woman rang through the tunnels. That scream sounded like

"DADDY HELP ME!" Poppy! She was here! She was in danger!

"POPPY!" Stoick yelled at the top of his lungs as he took off down the tunnel calling out her name. He wasn't going to let her get hurt this time, he was going to protect her from all harm.

"Poppy! Poppy where are you?!" He called trying to locate his only child. He was answered with another scream. He ran down the tunnel it came from. Continuing to follow the sound of his daughter's terrified screams led him to take many twists and turns going deeper and deeper into the tunnels. Always following the screams, but never finding its source.

"POPPY!"

"Daddy please help me!" There was no mistaking the fear and desperation in her voice. Then Poppy's voice became muffled, as if something or someone was covering her mouth.

"Poppy I'm coming! Just hold on!" The desperation started to sink into his voice as he continued his futile search. It seemed like he was just feet away from finding her when one of her screams abruptly stopped. Stoick froze in horror as Alvin came into view. In Alvin's hand was a sword dripping with fresh blood.

"No!" Stoick whispered as he realized what Alvin had done.

"Just like you, Stoick. Stubborn until the very end." Alvin grinned sadistically as he wiped the blood from his sword with his hand.

"You monster! You took away my daughter! My only child!" Stoick roared as he lunged for Alvin to avenge his Poppy.

Stoick awoke with a jolt throwing his furs off as he sat up in his bed. He had a nightmare. It was a dream, he told himself as he wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

"Help me! Help me!" Poppy's voice radiated through the house from her room upstairs. That's where the screams came from, Stoick realized. Poppy's screams managed to form a nightmare in Stoick's mind. He ran out of his and up the stairs, this time knowing for sure where his daughter was. Stoick found her crouched on her knees pressing her hands against her head as she rocked back and forth, her breath getting caught in her throat. Stoick sat down on her bed and gently laid his hand on her back, touch was something everyone had to take precaution of with her. Every time someone came close to her she whipped her head around to see who it was.

"Poppy it's okay, the nightmare's over. It's alright." He reassured her. Poppy jerked awake and turned around to see who was with her. She grabbed onto her father's arm, as if it was her lifeline.

"Al-Alvin he-"she sputtered trying to get the words out but they wouldn't come.

"It's alright Alvin's not here. He can't hurt you. You're alright." He soothed, at the same time trying to rid his own mind of his nightmare. Her father gently grabbed her shoulders as she stared into his eyes with so much fear. Stoick could have sworn he could feel her heart beating through her shoulders. They were right, Poppy couldn't go on like this, it was tearing her apart. He picked her up and carried her downstairs. Poppy clung tightly to his neck as she trembled in fear. Stoick sat her down in his chair and went to prepare a mug of warm milk, a trick he had used since her childhood to help her sleep. Poppy wrapped her arms around her knees as she sat in his chair, staring off at the far wall. Stoick set the pot above the hearth as Toothless lit the fire.

Once the milk was warm, he poured it into a mug and searched through the cabinet looking for something. Poppy often traded for spices whenever Trader Johan came to Berk. One of her favorites, he knew, was a spice called cinnamon. Locating the jar he took a pinch of the brown powder and mixed it in with the milk. He walked back to Poppy who still had not moved and placed the mug in her hands. Poppy raised the mug to her lips and slowly took a sip. She felt the drink travel down her throat, its warmth spreading throughout her body.

Stoick held his daughter in his lap as she sipped on her milk. As he stroked her hair, he couldn't help wonder if his dream had any connection to what happened to Poppy. Was there some resemblance between them? Or was it some kind of sign? The milk was gone and Poppy had fallen asleep. He carried her back upstairs and tucked her in, bringing her blanket all the way up to her chin. He ran his hand through her hair in a soothing motion for several minutes before going back to bed, not that he would be able to sleep.

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"Good morning Poppy!" Fishlegs called cheerfully when he spotted Poppy and Toothless walking through the village the next morning. Like Poppy, Fishlegs had always been an early riser, so they always hung out until everyone else was awake.

Giving him a faint smile at his cheerfulness, Poppy gave a greeting just above a whisper. When Fishlegs came closer, he immediately noticed the dark circles under her eyes. She obviously had not been sleeping well, but if she wasn't, why was she getting up early in the morning when she needed more sleep? He didn't want to pressure her with questions right off, he wanted her to feel relaxed that morning. "Where are you heading?" He questioned.

"To the forge. I'm going to get one of my spare notebooks and make adjustments to my saddle." She answered timidly.

"Do you mind if I come?"

Poppy's smile returned a little stronger. "Of course not." In Poppy's private workshop she searched through the drawers of her desk until she found what she was looking for. Poppy's brow furrowed as she tinkered away at her gear. Her concentration seemed strained, as she was trying to occupy herself. Even though flying was banned, she was still working on her flying gear. Fishlegs couldn't help noticing that the circles under her eyes seemed to darken. Perhaps he could help her.

"Poppy!" He started gaining her attention as she looked up at him. Her eyes seemed tired and afraid. Almost like they were tired of living in fear of what was coming. "Are you doing okay? You don't look like you've been sleeping well." Poppy looked away.

"I can't sleep" she whispered. "If I fall asleep, it'll happen again. I'll see it again."

"See what?" He asked gently. Maybe if she talked to him, he could help her.

"The head." Her voice barely came like a wisp. Fishleg's eyes widened. Did she mean that she saw? "Poppy, did you see someone?" At this Poppy covered her ears with her hands and squeezed her eyes shut. "No," she whispered. "No, please don't."

"I'm sorry Poppy! I didn't mean to scare you!" Fishlegs apologized as he tried to reach a hand out for her, but she jumped away like it was fire. She ran out of the forge and back through the village.

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Poppy ran blindly through the village trying to get away from the reminder of her trauma. Fishlegs was starting to suspect what she had seen! what if he told someone? She was too lost in her thoughts she didn't see the larger person in front of her. The collision was so strong it knocked her back onto the ground.

"Poppy!" She looked up and saw her father bending down to help her up. His grip on her arms frightened her to tense up. Feeling this, Stoick let go of his daughter.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" He reached down and gently took her face in his hands to look at her. Her sleep deprived eyes represented the wariness she was feeling from her everlasting battle in her mind. He used his thumb to wipe away her tears. She reached up and grabbed onto his hands as she looked back at him, her eyes pleading with him. With that look, Stoick knew she needed to go to the healers.

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Aaron threw open the door to the healers, causing Poppy to jump and also causing him to feel guilt. As soon as he stepped outside he heard about Poppy taking off and running through the village in a fright.

"What happened?" Aaron interrogated Fishlegs with a hard glare, he heard that Fishlegs was with her before she took off, that means he said something!

"I-I shouldn't have asked her! But I thought if she talked about it, then maybe it would help! I didn't know it would scare her like that!" Aaron felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Stoick and calmed himself knowing that Fishlegs was only trying to help.

"What did she say?" Stoick asked quietly.

"I asked her if she was sleeping well, and she said she was too afraid to go back to sleep because she would seeâ€|"

"What?!" Aaron demanded as Stoick tightened his hold on his shoulder.

"A head." Fishlegs answered softly. Aaron lost his breathe, trying to and also trying not to figure out what that meant. "I think she saw someone-"

"Stop." Aaron snapped. "We don't know anything for sure, it's Poppy's story to tell and we shouldn't draw our own conclusions." Despite his words, Aaron knew deep down he didn't want their suspicions to turn out true. He didn't want to hear them. Because he was afraid of what they meant for Poppy.

Stoick didn't want to hear about the possibilities either. He wasn't sure if he was ready to hear the story behind his daughter's trauma. To hear the story no one knew from her eyes. He knew of Vikings that had gone mad and crazy from wounds of witnessing. He didn't want to lose his daughter like that.

Gothi began drawing into the sand as Gobber stood over and began to translate.

"It's going to be difficult for Poppy to talk about it. But the herbal tea can help calm Poppy down for her to feel relaxed enough to try. It's up to you Stoick."

Stoick looked to where his daughter was sitting. She stared off into the oblivion with a vacant look on her face, it was hard to tell if she had even heard the conversation regarding her. Stoick sighed.

"She can't go on like this. It's hurting her mind." Stoick calmly walked over to his daughter who remained sitting in a chair playing with her fingers erratically in paranoiac. "Poppy," Stoick started gaining her attention as she looked up from her fingers with wide eyes. "Svenja wants to ask you a few questions-" Poppy threw her hands over her ears, shutting her eyes continuing the consistent battle of fighting off memories that were too horrible to think of. Her breathing became heavy and Stoick knew he needed to calm her. "Shh, Poppy it's ok." He gently placed his hands on her cheeks as he looked into her eyes. "Poppy listen, she just wants to talk to you, you don't have to answer if you don't want to, I just want you to try to talk to her. Do you think you can do that?" Poppy swallowed and nodded her head in Stoick's hands. Stoick gave her a small smile and kissed her forehead.

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Svenja deemed it best to talk with Poppy in a different room. But this room was made specific. There were small thunder ears hidden in the walls, so even if a person wasn't in the room, they could still hear what was being said inside. Stoick, Aaron, and Gobber waited outside the room. Only Toothless was allowed in the room with them, he protectively curled around Poppy. Svenja prepared the calming tea and poured it into a small mug and handed it to Poppy, who surprisingly drank it without question. The effect of it was almost

instantaneous, the tea's warmth spread throughout her body calming her spiraling nerves.

"I can't believe I let Svenja give that to her" Stoick muttered to himself. Gobber rested a hand on his shoulder. "It's for the best Stoick, this could be our only chance to help her." Stoick sighed but said nothing.

"Can you tell me what happened in your own words, Poppy?" She questioned. Poppy looked away from her. She kept swallowing, struggling to formulate a response. Svenja decided it was too much to ask for at once, so she decided to break down the conversation.

"Poppy, remember, no matter what happened, we still care about you. And none of it was your fault." Poppy didn't answer and instead looked down at the half finished tea.

"When you were first rescued, your father wrapped his arms around you and you reached up and scratched him. What was going through your mind when you scratched your father? Did you think he was trying to hurt you?" This question caused Poppy to look up with the guilt still swarming in her eyes. Poppy took another sip of the tea and exhaled.

"When I realized he was thereâ€¦Iâ€¦I thought he was someone else."

"You thought it was Alvin?" Svenja answered for her, before mentally slapping herself. She shouldn't have answered for Poppy.

"No." Poppy answered quickly to Svenja's surprise. Poppy closed her eyes as she shook her head. "It wasn't Alvin."

"Who did you think it was?"

"The headless henchman." Poppy answered looking up to meet Svenja's eyes for the first time. Svenja's eyes widened in concern as she sat up. These words traveled to Stoick's, Aaron's, and Gobber's ears.

"He left the door unlockedâ€¦" Poppy whispered. In the other room Stoick's brow furrowed in confusion. Alvin was not that stupid to make a simple mistake like that. But perhaps, some of his henchmen wereâ€¦why were they in her cell to begin with?!

"Why was he there?" Svenja continued. Poppy closed her eyes and squeezed them shut. She was at war with herself. Part of her wanted to stow away the painful memories for good, but another wanted to stop fighting and let them flow away. Slowly, she lowered her hands and returned them to her mug absorbing the warmth. Her eyes were still closed, but they were more relaxed instead of squeezed shut.

"He wasn't supposed to be there. He grabbed my hair, and threw me against the wall. It hurt, I tried to scream but he wouldn't let me. I tried to get away but he pinned me down, I couldn't go anywhere. Then he-" Poppy's voice was lost as she tried to muster out the next words. No matter how hard she tried, they would not leave her throat. Subconsciously, she raised her hand up, in a reaching matter, one

that frightened her every time she saw a hand coming for her. Svenja observed her action and made a connection with the information Stoick had provided her with. Her heart swelled when she realized the abuse this young girl had suffered.

"He tried to go farther, that's when I managed to get away. He left the door unlocked and I ran away. I couldn't tell where I was going, I just wanted to leave, I was too afraid to see anyone in front of me. I ran into Alvin. He realized the henchman let me escape. I've never seen someone so angry, and thenâ€¦" Poppy dropped the mug letting it fall to the floor. The rest of the tea spilled out and spread across the floor. Some of it reached Poppy's boot. Poppy saw the red blood spilling across the floor reaching for her. Poppy screamed and pulled her feet off the floor and hugged them to her chest. She shut her eyes to keep herself from looking at the spilled tea and started pulling at her hair breathing heavily. _No, don't think about it. Don't think. DON'T THINK! _Her thoughts screamed at her.

"I saw it!" Poppy screamed tearing her hands down taking some hair with them in the process. Toothless raised his head in alarm and concern at her outburst. "I saw it happen! Alvin did it so fast though, like it wasn't even that hard to do. The body collapsed onto the floor and the blood, but theâ€¦the head, I saw it detached from the body and it rolled across the floor. There was so much blood, it was everywhere! It was all over me! I couldn't get it off! There was too much!" Poppy lost her words in sobs and she futilely tried to dry her face. But each time she wiped away one tear, another came to replace it. Her hands soon became soaked in her tears. Poppy looked at her wet hands and clenched them into fists and let out a small shriek of agony as she pressed them to the sides of her head, feeling like if she pushed any harder, she would crush her skull. Toothless crooned and nudged trying to keep her from hurting herself.

"I was so terrified! I was helpless! I wanted to get away but I couldn't! I couldn't even scream! All I could do was watch! And I watched it all happenâ€¦"

Stoick felt his heart break as his daughter's confession and sobs rang into the other room. Even though he desperately hoped Fishlegs wasn't, he was right. She witnessed a murder. Alvin decapitated one of his own, right before her eyes. He felt his blood boil at the thought of the outcast that came into her cell and touched and abused his daughter. She had barely gotten away beforeâ€¦ _No_, he forced himself to stop. The feelings Poppy must have felt from the assault were relentless. Poppy would feel guilt and possibly shame from something that was never her fault.

Before Aaron could stop himself or think about what he was doing, he threw open the door and bounded over to Poppy and gathered her in his arms. He didn't know if this would scare her or not, but she needed him now and he promised that he wouldn't give up. Poppy froze at the sudden touch but then threw herself into his embrace as she continued to sob and choke on her tears.

At a first glance, people would see her screaming fits and fearful habits and think her mind was gone off the edge. But that wasn't true, it wasn't true at all. What was true, Poppy would never be the same after this. She would carry the scars with her for the rest of her life, but the scars could fade. Aaron knew that, but he still

loved her, if not he loved her more that she had the courage to continue, no matter how much she suffered on the inside. She's not crazy, she's just damaged.

End
file.